

Charles Keene

By JOSEPH PENNELL.

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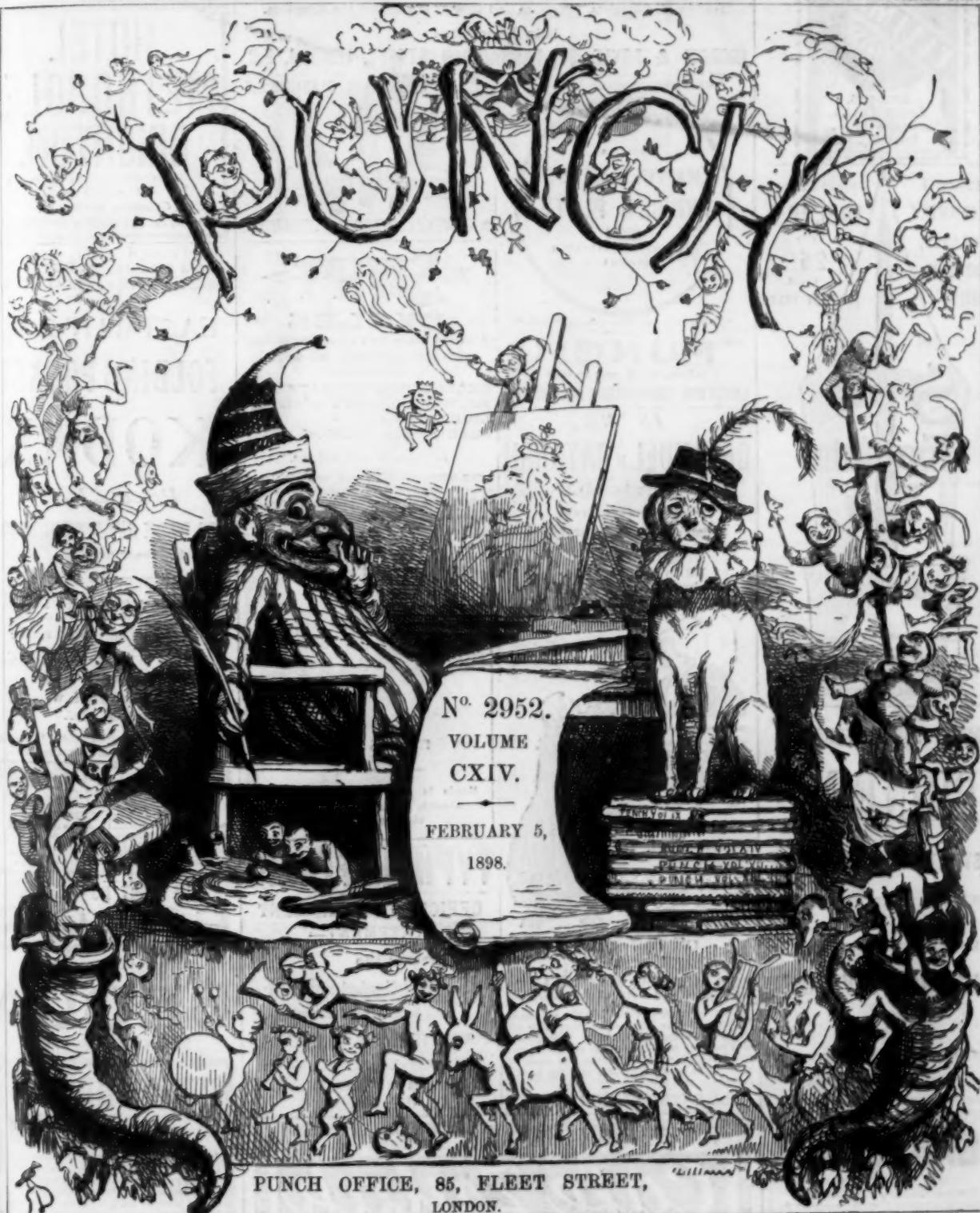
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**IN RE
GÉRAUDEL v. CATARRH**
(Part heard).

A Judge in the Court of Appeal
Had a cough which annoyed a great
deal
Till an eminent friend
Bought leave to amend
His case and put in a pastille.



Judgment for
GÉRAUDEL
with costs.

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"MORNING, TOM. WHAT A BEASTLY DAY!"
"IT AIN'T A DAY, SIR. I CALL IT AN INTERVAL BETWEEN TWO BLOOMIN' NIGHTS!"

"MORE MOONSHINE."

[It is asserted that a Hamburg astronomer has made a discovery of a new moon, and that this hitherto unobserved satellite of the Earth will be visible on July 30 next.]

We do not want a second moon,
One satellite is ample;
Nor should we deem it as a boon,
This brand-new German sample.

One moon is quite enough to shoot,
Or rake out of the river;
And extra Bedlamites to boot
Would make sane people shiver.

We can dispense with further rhyme
To Luna's new-found rival;
Of moonstruck odes 'twould be a crime
To risk a fresh revival.

Occult your orb then, next July,
Eclipse your Hamburg planet;
Or we shall wink the other eye,
When asked, child-like, to scan it!

MUSICAL AND HISTORICAL.—In a recent article on English Musicians, a contributor to the *Saturday Review*, signing himself "J. F. R.", asks, "Why should they want degrees?" Degrees help no one to play or compose any better. Such academical distinctions may, or may not, be a help to a composer, but "degrees," as associated with the Harpist's art and the Poet's inspiration, can boast of most ancient, as also of most weighty, authority. For have we not on immortal record more than one inspired composition of King DAVID's, styled "*A Song of Degrees*?"

A CRIB FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS.—The other day a children's comic opera was very well spoken of in the *Times*. The music is by Mr. FESTING JONES, which name a Mrs. Malaprop might very well mistake in repeating it as FESTIVE JONES. The "brightly-written book" is supplied by Mr. F. H. CRAIG. Now, isn't CRIS an inauspicious name for an original author? Any student wishing to study "*King Bulbous*," will do well to consult this Crib.

THE STERN POLITICAL ECONOMIST

To MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

Beet, beet, beet,
Tis a horrible root, J. C.!
Yet I hope that the words you utter
Are true economy.

Oh! well for the Briton's purse
That he buys of the Belgian plant:
Oh! well for the foreigner's price
That he pockets his government grant!

But your statesmanship goes on
To a haven unloved of MILL,
Where the Indian cane may be spared, and
perhaps

The English child spoiled—by the bill.

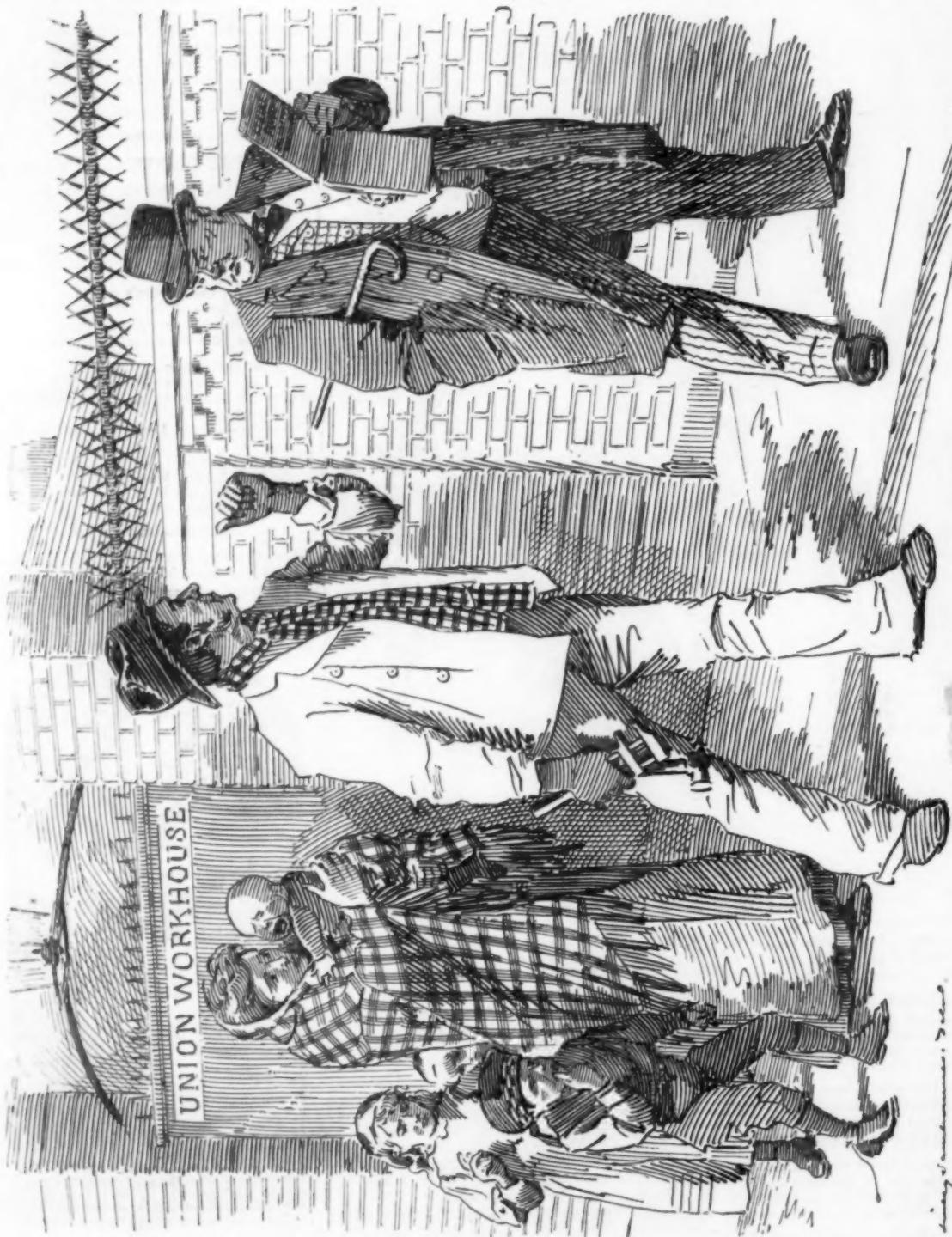
Beet, beet, beet,
Tis a cold, hard world, J. C.!
And some may say that your cure for cane
Is merely chicanery.

THE CREMATIONIST'S MOTTO.—"De Mortuis nil nisi Burn 'em."



RATIONAL STAINED-GLASS.

Design for a Window in commemoration of the York Election, 1898.



THE LESSON OF THE STRIKE.

Engineer's Fitter (returning to work—to Strike Leader). ‘Union! Ah! the ‘Union’ you’ve NEARLY BROUGHT US TO IS THAT!’

DELINQUENT DONS.

[A Professor at a Scotch University has been deprived of his office by the governing body, in consequence of a petition presented by the students, asserting that his lectures were 'defective and unmethodical.'—*Daily Paper*.]

CONSIDERABLE interest was aroused in Cambridge on Thursday last by the trial, before the Senate, of Professor DRYASDUST, a university lecturer on history. The galleries of the Senate-house were filled with undergraduates, while several ladies from Girton and Newnham were accommodated with seats on the Vice-Chancellor's dais. The charge against the Professor was, in effect, that he was incompetent to fulfil his office.

Mr. PRIGSBY, an undergraduate of King's, was the first witness. In his opinion, the Professor's lectures were defective—were, in fact, quite worthless. It was at his instigation that the prosecution had been begun. Previously he had attempted to improve the lectures by setting the Professor right when he went astray, but these efforts had not been successful. On the contrary, the Professor had told him to hold his tongue, at which, naturally, he felt hurt. A lecturer unwilling to be interrupted by his pupils was, in the witness's opinion, clearly incompetent. In cross-examination, Mr. PRIGSBY acknowledged that he had only passed his "little-go," at the fourth attempt, a week before he sought to instruct Professor DRYASDUST.

Mr. LACKINGTON, a Fellow of Trinity, was the next to give evidence. He fully shared the opinion of the last witness that the Professor's lectures were unsatisfactory. He had not, of course, attended them himself, but had heard about them from undergraduates. In case the Professorship were declared vacant, the witness expressed his willingness to undertake its duties himself at a moderate stipend. Cross-examined, he stated that he had not been on speaking-terms with the Professor for some time, but denied that any personal feeling influenced his evidence. But, in justice to himself, he felt bound to point out that his own claims to the Professorship.

At this point the Court invited Mr. LACKINGTON to stand down.

Mr. BLADE, of Magdalene, was next called. He stated that he considered the Professor's lectures silly drivell. His own experience showed that they were useless, for he had been clean ploughed in the history tripos, although he had worked for several hours on the night before his examination. Pressed as to the number of times he had attended the lectures, witness said that he had been twice at least. He might have played "noughts and crosses" the whole time he was in the lecture-room. He could not say that the Professor's lectures were worse than others, as he had not attended any others. He considered all lectures "rot."

The next witness was Mr. SOULSBY, of Pembroke. He considered that Professor DRYASDUST should be ejected from office immediately. His lectures were crude and prosaic to a degree, being chiefly made up of sordid facts and dates. There was a total lack of poetry in them, and no sign of the Higher Ästheticism. The Professor had shown no appreciation of witness's *Ballade of Monarchs' Amours*, which proved his utter want of the true critical faculty.

Amidst some sensation, Miss MINERVA



Old Farmer Jones (who has been to a local cattle-show, and seen a horseless carriage for the first time). "MOSHEE CARSH MAY BE ALL VERY WELL—(hic!)—BUT THEY CAN'T FIND 'BR WAY HOME BY 'MSHEEVES!"

SIMPKINS, of Girton, then entered the witness-box. She declared that she had been compelled to attend lectures given by the Professor, whom she detested. Asked as to her reason, she explained that he wore shabby coat and a hideous tie. (Applause from the gallery, which was at once suppressed.)

The next witness, Mr. CHUNDRA DABJOKE, of Christ's College, had begun to explain that lectures on history which neglected to deal fully with India were an insult to his nation, when Professor DRYASDUST interrupted, and begged leave to make a statement. He said that the proceedings need not be protracted further, as he had quite decided to resign his office. Before doing so, however, he wished to give his candid opinion about the Court, which was that of all—

The Vice-Chancellor interposed, remark-

ing that he could not hear the witness on this point, and the proceedings then came somewhat hurriedly to an end.

EXAMPLE OF ENGLISH PRACTICE IN THE FRENCH CHAMBER.—Count BADENI, the Austrian ex-Premier, could not obtain admission during the fracas in the Chamber of Deputies. His ex-Excellency, if the Count as a Premier ever were an Excellency, had to leave. This is clearly a following of our English Parliamentary procedure (adapted to the occasion), and known here as "*a Count out*."

"A PLEA FOR LEGISLATION" (vide F. SEYMOUR HADEN'S letter to the "Times," January 24).—"I ought to put on record a respectful expression of my surprise," &c. Never too late for another variation of "HAYDN'S Surprise."



HUNTING STUDY.

Short-sighted Party (thrown earlier, after weary tramp, thinks he sees Mount on ploughed upland, and approaches bush coaxingly). "WHOA, MY BEAUTY! STEADY, MY GAL, STEADY THEN," &c.

Same Short-sighted Party arrived at thorn-bush, discovers error, and reflects—"FIVE MILES FROM STATION, PERHAPS TEN—FIFTY MILES FROM TOWN, MISSED EXPRESS, MISSED DINNER, LOST MOUNT, WET THROUGH, GETTING DUSK, AND, BY THE WAY, WHERE AM I?" [Left reflecting.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

CESSATION of publication of the valuable work, *Annals of Our Time*, leaves a grievous gap. Mr. EDMUND ROUTLEDGE, rushing in where it has not occurred to others to tread, produces his *Book of the Year* (GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS). It purports to be a chronicle of the times and a record of events. As far as my Baronite has tested it it misses nothing of importance. Being produced at a price suited to the pockets of the populace it, of course, has not the fullness of the text of its more costly and bulky forerunner. But though not so deep as a well or so wide as a church door, it will serve. Of its literary style the following entry, under date, Tuesday, May 4th, shews how Mr. ROUTLEDGE, though not unduly stout in person, can, an' he will, make the flesh creep: "Sir ELLIS ASHMEAD-BARTLETT, M.P., stopped by a Greek warship and made prisoner." Not a word too much, you see, nor any touch lacking in order to bring before the mind's eye that memorable incident in the world's history.

The excellent re-issue of CHARLES LEVER's novels (DOWNEY & Co., Limited) progresses most satisfactorily. Heartily welcomed have been our oldest friends, *Charles O'Malley*, *Harry Lorrequer*, *Tom Burke*, and *The Knight of Gwynne*, and most anxious has the Baron been to make the acquaintance of those other children of LEVER who have hitherto been to him little more than names, *Sir Jasper Carew* for example, illustrated not by the, to us, familiar hand of HAROLD K. BROWNE, who gave such a "go" to all LEVER's early works that each one of them went off, like a bottle of champagne, with a "Phiz," but by another BROWNE, yelept GORDON "of that ilk," and well has he caught the spirit of his author. "Phiz" served under two CHARLES's, and was loyal to both DICKENS and LEVER. But the old illustrators have passed away, giving place to new, and in his illustrations to *Con Urcan*, Mr. GORDON BROWNE has just given that life-like touch to LEVER's characters which is of their essence, and he has made the most of LEVER's dramatic situations.

"Etiez-vous à Sedan?" These were the last words of NAPOLEON III., addressed to his old friend and faithful companion Dr. CONNEAU. The adventurous life which practically ended in the death-trap of Sedan, is related by Mr. ARCHIBALD FORBES. His *Life of Napoleon III.* (CHATTO AND WINDUS) adds to the accuracy of a historical annal the charm of romance. Up to 1870 he is indebted for his facts to a battalion of authorities drawn up in imposing line on a pre-study page of the volume. From these he has compiled a stirring narrative, more especially forceful in the earlier chapters. After the *coup d'Etat* the work drops into the vulgar commonplace of the Empire. With the first blast of the trumpet of war the pluckiest, most resourceful, and most successful war correspondent of the century is at his best again. The story of the campaign which began at Snarbruck and ended at Sedan is, my Baronite testifies, a brilliant piece of writing. It carries the reader breathless to the closing scene at Chislehurst, and the infinite pathos of the dying Emperor's faintly-murmured last words. THE BARON DE B.-W.

THE RULE OF THREE.

New School (running against Old School). Dear me, who would have thought of seeing you again?

O. S. Well, what is the latest parrot's cry?

N. S. (sharply). That I am better than you in every particular.

And that's a truth, and not a parrot's cry.

O. S. (sardonically). Glad to hear it! How are you better?

N. S. Why, can't you see that during the last twenty years I have advanced in everything—dress, furniture, and drama?

O. S. (surprised). Have you? Well, bet your last dollar that twenty years hence the Future will say the same about you.

N. S. Oh, nonsense, the Present is the best possible time.

O. S. So was the Past.

N. S. (cheerfully). Then let the Future look after itself.

[And it will]

TOBY, M.P.'S TOILET NECESSARIES.

In view of the proximate opening of Parliament, **TOBY, M.P.** has been approached by an influential syndicate with the request that he would permit his name to be associated with a number of toilet necessaries to be dispensed in the hairdresser's department recently added as a wing to the Palace of Westminster. It is pointed out to him that a gentleman well-known in the journalistic world has recently floated a hair-wash on which he has bestowed his name. "He *Sims* to be doing very well with it, too," said the spokesman of the syndicate. The following is a rough draft of the circular it is proposed to advertise in the morning papers and circulate with the Votes:

TOBY, M.P.'S LIQUID HAIR DYE.—This luscious composition will be found most easy of application. It is merely necessary to have the head brushed for five minutes with a besom. Then damp the hair with the dye sprinkled on a floor-cloth. In twenty-four hours it will produce an extremely light brown, a dark yellow, a bright blue, or a vermillion colour according to taste. M.P.'s are recommended in the course of debate to secretly sprinkle a few drops on the head of the hon. Member seated immediately before them and watch the results for themselves. Sold in bottles at 3s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 10s. 6d., and 21s.

TOBY, M.P.'S NOSE MACHINE.—A successful contrivance which, by firm but gentle and judicious pressure, directs the soft cartilage of which the nose consists, so that a perfect shape is obtained. Roman nose, 1s. extra. It is required to be worn an hour daily for seven, fourteen, or twenty-one days. It is rather becoming to the expression than otherwise, and may be worn at the Speaker's Levee. It is suited to all shades of politics, and it never fails in producing good results. Its price is 10s. 6d.

TOBY, M.P.'S HAIR DESTROYER OR DEPILATORY.—Removes superfluous hair from the knuckles, neck, or elbows without the slightest injury to the skin. In family circles much innocent amusement may be derived from cutting a small circle of cloth, soaking it in the Depilatory and placing it unobserved on the head of a guest. On removing the cloth the hair, whether superfluous or not, comes away with it.

TOBY, M.P.'S CANTHARIDES OIL.—Spanish Fly is the acting ingredient in **TOBY, M.P.'s** Cantharides Oil. The fly is cultivated, regardless of expense, on the window-panes at The Kennel, Barks. **TOBY, M.P.'s** Cantharides Oil is a sure Restorer of Hair, a swift Producer of Whiskers. Its effect is immediate. It is patronised by Royalty and some Bishops. Prices, 3s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 10s. 6d., and 21s. per bottle. By post for 5s, 8s, 14s stamps. The largest size is sent per luggage train.

TOBY, M.P.'S HAIR CURLING FLUID.—No matter how straight or otherwise ungovernable is your hair, the fluid curls it immediately. There are authenticated cases where a patient's hair curled right off at the sound of the drawing of the cork of a bottle of **TOBY, M.P.'s** Hair Curling Fluid. Extract from letter from the late Charles Dickens, communicated by Julia, c/o W. Stead, Esq.—"Tommy Tradfittes was born before his age. A bottle of your Fluid would have transformed him."

TOBY, M.P.'S BLOOM OF NOSES.—So called from its deep sunset effect. With addition of a little water it will bring a blush to the most shameless cheek. For Members addicted to sitting up late at night, reading blue-books or otherwise it will be found invaluable.

TOBY, M.P.'S GREAT HAIR RESTORER.—It contains nothing injurious or otherwise. Restores grey hair to any tint you like in a few days. Has little sediment, and that of the very best. Pending the growth of the hair it endows a bald head with a beautiful gloss. A little taken internally before going to bed is recommended. Can be had through all chemists or of the maker, **TOBY, M.P., The Kennel, Barks.**

TOBY, M.P.'S TOILET NECESSARIES.—Out of a heap of testimonials, the following are selected—The Marquis of S-L-A-R-Y. "In recent negotiations with Foreign Powers I used **TOBY, M.P.'s** Hair Destroyer or Depilatory with remarkable effect. After a few applications it caused to disappear British positions in Central Africa to the advantage of Germany; divided Zanzibar with that country; and removed the superfluity of Heligoland from the British Empire." From the Right Hon. J-S-PH CH-MB-RL-N—"I ordered to be despatched to Mrs. K-R-O-N, in time for delivery at Christmas, a bottle of **TOBY, M.P.'s** Hair Curling Fluid. She has sent for another bottle, remarking, that to curl O-M P-L's hair every night involves considerable consumption of the in-



MAKING THE MOST OF IT.

"MUMMY, PLEASE DIVIDE 'AT APPLE INTO TWO LARGE HALVES!'"

valuable mixture." From Sir W-L-L-M H-R-C-RT—"I tried one bottle of **TOBY, M.P.'s** Great Hair Restorer with surprising result. When in the course of three days my hair had grown a foot long, I began to use the Hair Curling Fluid. Effect picturesquely in the extreme. Being undesirous of exciting envy I had recourse to **TOBY, M.P.'s** Hair Destroyer or Depilatory, which, after a severe struggle, removed the overgrowth, enabling me to appear in the House in my old form."

TOBY, M.P.'S TOILET NECESSARIES.—No dressing-room complete without them.

DIPLOMATIC PRIVILEGE.

Two minor officials of the United States Embassy have successfully claimed the diplomatic privilege of riding bicycles on the footpath at Maidenhead.

The butler of the Russian Ambassador is stated to have claimed the right to ride his bicycle up and down the steps of St. Paul's. An under-housemaid of the French Embassy intends to ride in the Brompton omnibus without paying the fare.

The dogs of the Vice-Consul of San Marino are not muzzled, their owner pleading privilege.

A man was yesterday charged at Bow Street with being drunk and incapable. He stated that he had once cleaned the windows at the German Embassy and was immediately released. Another man, a shoebblack, was charged with picking pockets. Having proved that, on the previous day, he had blacked the boots of the uncle by marriage of the second footman of the Italian Embassy, he was liberated. A third man was charged with assaulting his wife. He called witnesses to prove that his wife had been washerwoman to the Spanish Ambassador, and he was therefore at once discharged.

AT HER MAJESTY'S.—Mr. CHARLES ALLAN was "cast" for *Cinna*. He would have been anything but a "miserable *Cinna*." Yet at the last moment he was omitted. Now, according to the *Westminster Gazette*, this *Cinna* is to be forthwith "restored." A "restored *Cinna*" implies repentance; but, it is highly probable that Mr. ALLAN will still be about as thorough-going a *Cinna* as ever was seen. Of course he has been taken by the *Cinna*-matographic apparatus.

BY OUR INCANDESCENT LIGHTER-MAN.—The very lightest possible clothing—"Mantles."



He. "STUNNING HAIR THAT GIRL OVER THERE HAS! I SHOULD THINK WHEN SHE UNDOES IT, IT WOULD FALL BELOW HER WAIST." She (jealous). "YES; RIGHT ON THE FLOOR, I SHOULD THINK!"

THE COMING OF THE COMMONS.

[Parliament is summoned for the 8th of February.
Please be there.—*Whip.*]

From mild Sicilian mountains,
From Klondyke's eager clime,
Where Yukon's yellow fountains
Roll bullion all the time;
From Iceland's giddy geysers,
From Bison's bounding bay,
The Terrace calls to Tea, Sirs!
It is our opening day!

What though in likely places
The spicy odours blow,
And rather pretty faces
Are seen about at Pau?
What though in meditation
On Monte Carlo's shore
You trace by calculation
How much has "gone before"?—

What though mosquitos scourge you
On Nubia's lonely links,
Or donkey-arabs urge you
To go and climb the Sphinx?—
Not Art nor Nature's beauty
Shall tempt your soul to stay;
You hear the trump of Duty?
That trump you must obey!

Whether it catch you thrilling
The natives round the polls,
Following hounds or filling
Refined domestic roles,

By routes of rail or river,
Ether or Ocean's plains,
Come back, and please deliver
Our earth from error's chains!

You'll tell us how you travelled
By Afric's desert sands,
And furtively unravelled
Riddles of unknown lands;
How feet of yours have scudded
O'er many a Dervish tomb,
And how you sat and studied
The outer halls of Oom!

Yet while you took your pleasures
We somehow wagged along;
Though reft of you, our treasures,
We're going fairly strong;
The labour war is ended,
And like the blessed dew
Sweet Peace has now descended
Without consulting you.

Eastern and other questions,
The kind that always burns,
Unhelped by your suggestions
Have taken useful turns;
Keen eyes have watched the Russian
In hope to win the day
Ere you could raise discussion
And give the show away.

So to our merry meeting,
O men of varied gifts!
And take your country's greeting,
And hear the prayer she lifts,

That under that or this chief
Satan may have in view
No special sort of mischief
For idle hands to do!

A WANT.—Dear Sir,—I have been waiting in vain for a patriotic music-hall ditty illustrative of the Anglo-Japanese entente cordiale. How's this for a start?

"Japs! Japs! Japs!
Jolly little chaps,
Who'll never knuckle under in the least.
So, hand in hand with Japs,
We will never care for raps,
But with them we will conquer all the East,
My lads!
But with them we will conquer all the East!
Japs! Japs! Raps! Raps! (Here every
one bangs the tables and floor with
sticks, &c.) Japs! Raps!"

This is the chorus. The necessary stanzas I leave to some poetic and patriotic genius.

MAXIMILIAN MACCHEQUE.

Suburban Delights.

A Party returning home in hired brougham, the Driver of which is somewhat inebriated.

Paterfamilias (who, at a hill, climbs on to the box at the request of Materfamilias). Give me the reins.

Coachman. 'Ave you never driv down this 'ere 'ill afore?
Pater. (taking the reins). No, I have not.
Coachman. Then I'll walk. [Does so.]



"EMBARRAS DE RICHESSE!"

"THE ANXIOUS CIT EACH INVITATION VIEWS,
AND PONDERS WHICH TO TAKE AND WHICH REFUSE,

FROM THIS OR THAT TO STAY AWAY IS LOTH,
AND SIGHs TO THINK HE CANNOT DINE AT BOTH." —*Bombast of Fun*.

Bombast of Fun.

F



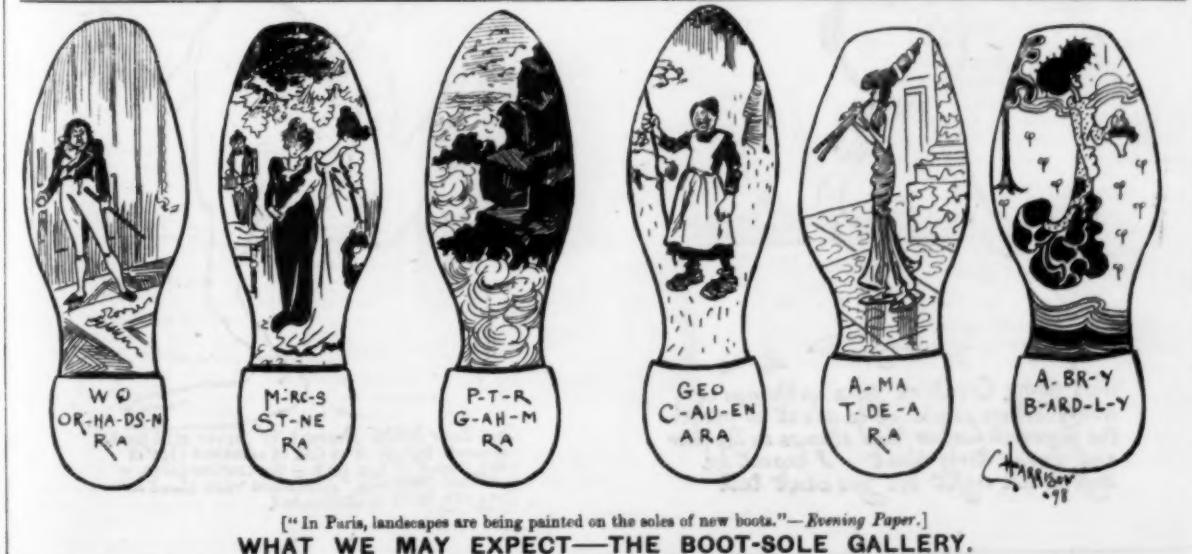
Stout Party. "Is this Path safe?"

Flippant Youth. "Yes, the Path is—but I can't answer for you!"

THEIR END WAS PEACE.—After the great fight in the French Chamber of Deputies the combatants were removed to the Salon de la Paix. This calmed them at once, and the next sitting of the Chamber was quite undisturbed. It would seem a good plan to conduct select parties of the Dreyfus disputants through the same apartment. The irreconcilables might be sent to the starting place of the new Klondike railway, Fort Wrangel, and left to settle their differences there.

MUMMY, MY MUMMY!!—The mummy of an Ibis was recently unrolled in London, and, according to the published account, it was inclosed in "thirty layers of linen." Without pausing to inquire what sort of bird is a "layer of linen," we may conjecture from this the origin of the proverbial saying, "*In medio tutiusimus ibis.*"

FRENCH FUSSINESS.—The DREYFUS Case.



[*"In Paris, landscapes are being painted on the soles of new boots."*—Evening Paper.]
WHAT WE MAY EXPECT—THE BOOT-SOLE GALLERY.

MR. PUNCH'S "ANIMAL LAND."

(With acknowledgments as before.)

The Oom



This strange old Animal is a wily one. He is very clever and dislikes strangers. It's not a bit of good to try to coax him - he only says rude things and then prays and sings hymns. The Shuv has tried him all round but he only grunts and goes on praying.

The Mailyphist
or
Gossplespredda

This queer little Animal lives on the sea as there is not room for two of them in Germany. It crawls about trying to get to China to fetch some laurels and to plant shields and cathedrals and things. If you have such a thing as a little coal about you it will be very much obliged. It will get there some day, I suppose.

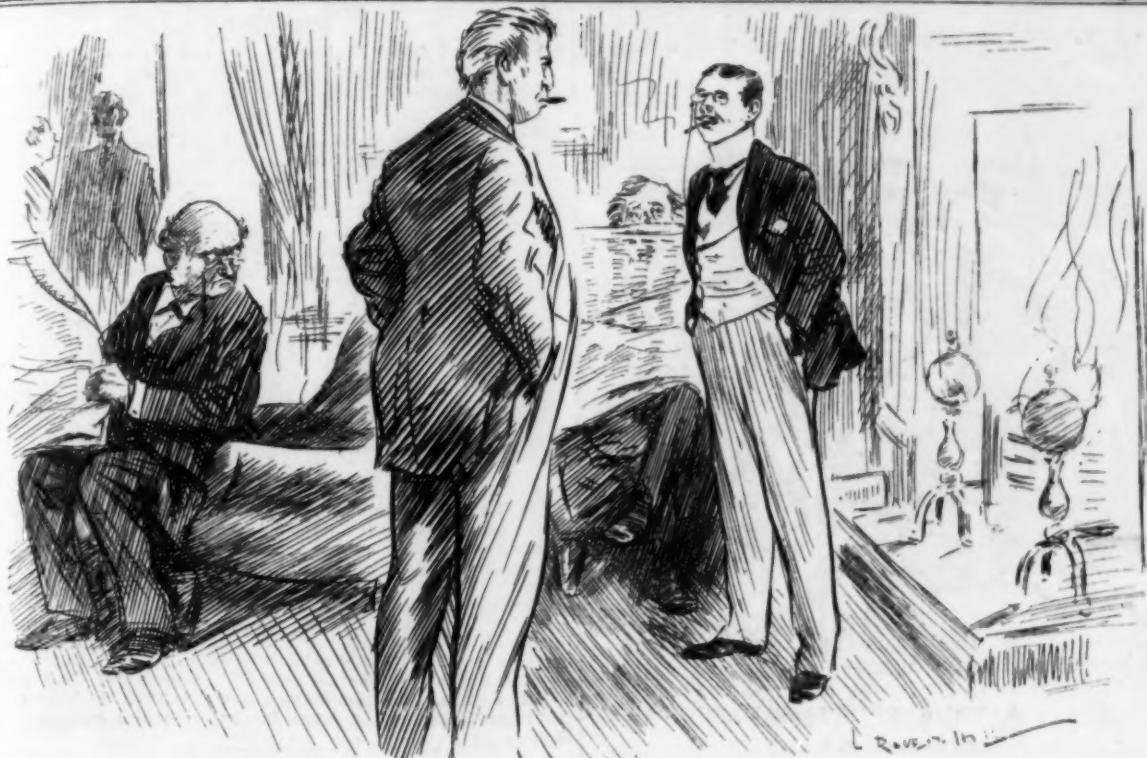
The Stagynite



This funny Creature gets up things very nicely. When people go to see it it makes the queerest noises and stamps on the floor and drags itself about. I expect he says it all right but you can't tell.

The Skippydan
or
Droonleno

This dear little Animal is never still for a moment though it is full of wheezes. He is very proud of his feet - you can see them if you look carefully. Sculptors rave about him - they say he is so statuous.



Little Tompkins. "THAT FELLOW BROWN TRIED TO STUFF ME UP WITH SOME OF HIS TRAVELLERS' TALES THE OTHER DAY. TALKED ABOUT HIS TRIP TO ITALY, AND THE WAVING FIELDS OF MACARONI, BUT HE DIDN'T CATCH ME, YOU KNOW. THEY DON'T WAVE!"

"LITTLE NELL."

Who among Gaiety patrons (within the last twenty years, shall we say?) does not remember the humour and pathos of NELLIE FARREN, when, as the little street arab, that scapegrace Aladdin, in the late ROBERT REECE's burlesque, she sang, half impudently, half beseechingly, with tears in her voice,

"Please, Sir, 'old yer nag, Sir?
Tyke yer little bag, Sir?
Werry 'ard to live—
Just wot yer 'll give—
Thank 'ee, Sir!"

And now, partially paralysed and well-nigh penniless, Miss NELLIE FARREN finds it "werry 'ard to live"; and so "kind friends in front" are doing their utmost to "work a benefit" for her, the proceeds of which, placed in the hands of two business-like trustees, will be invested "for the little lady" to the very best advantage, and thus secure for her competence and comfort.

H.R.H., never appealed to in vain in the cause of charity, graciously heads the list. JOHNNIE TOOLE, the source of so much mirth, and one of her former companions in Gaiety burlesque, has secured a front seat in the gallery for twenty guineas. Never has JOHNNIE TOOLE acted better! And the first to volunteer her services in this charitable cause was another NELL, Miss ELLEN TERRY, who, enthusiastically, offered to "do anything" in order to assist the other NELL.

To Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES, of the Gaiety Theatre, all letters on the subject, all subscriptions and requests for seats, should be sent. *Prost!*

A Suggested Inscription

On a colossal Equestrian Statue representing Energy or Force, upon which Mr. Watts has been working for many years, and which he is presenting to the Nation.

This mighty statuary of man and horse typifies aptly Energy or Force, since spite of fourscore years here you can see

The fruit of WATTS's force and energy.



"THINGS ARE NOT AS THEY SEEM."
First Comic Head (down). "You confounded idiot!"

Second Comic Head (fiercely). "I'll knock yer ed off for twopence."

BADGERING A BART.

(Queries to be put to the Members of a Honourable Society.)

Question. You are an ill-used man, are you not?

Answer. As a baronet, most assuredly.

Q. What is your principal grievance?

A. That I take precedence below the sons of a life peer.

Q. Is that a matter of serious consequence?

A. Undoubtedly; it causes me the greatest possible annoyance.

Q. Have you any further complaint?

A. My eldest son should be, but never is, knighted on attaining his majority.

Q. Is this really annoying?

A. Of course, as he should be able to take his place with the many illustrious persons who write "Sir" before their Christian names.

Q. Is there anything else you would like to mention?

A. That we should be allowed officially to wear a chain and medal—decorations which would increase our importance tenfold.

Q. Is that all?

A. Many persons who have no right to call themselves baronets do so regardless of consequences.

Q. How did you obtain the dignity?

A. By an ancestor receiving a sum of money to settle in Nova Scotia.

Q. Then why have you not carried out the intention of JAMES THE FIRST, and remained away from England?

A. Because our business is with the future, not with the past, and, thank you, that's enough questioning for the present.



A TRUE SPORTSMAN.

(A Last Shot of the Season.)

Old Pothunter. "ALWAYS SHOW MERCY, MY BOY, ALWAYS SHOW MERCY! MUCH BETTER TO SHOOT 'EM SITTING, AND SAVE POOR THINGS A NASTY FALL!"

[Dose.]

THE HOUSE AND THE CHAMBER;

Or, "They manage these things better in France." "I've bin to St. Staven's, an' sat thro' the ravin's

On Oireland's oppressors, an' wished they were done,
For as for their spaches, the moral they taches
Is London for sloomber, but Paris for fun.

Thim Froggies—be jabers! there's grit in our neighbours—

Their Parliment bates us to shivers, it do!
For a bit of oration or argymentation
We can't hould a candle to bould Parly voo.

First one starts a-spoutin', an' while he is shoutin'
Another jumps up wid a "Rascal, ye loy!"

An' "What's that ye're sayin', ye heathenish bayin'?"
Ses the first, an' he lands him a wan in the oye.

An' then there is rooctions! They don't wait instrunctions,
But ivry one springs wid a yell to his fate,
An' floys to the melly wid stick an' um-brella,
An' sorcer a mimber but joins the debate.

Begorra! Thim Frenchies was over the benchies,
An' clutchin' an' clawin' whatever they met,

An' coats were a-tearin', an' as for the swearin',
Bedad! 'twas the foolest Oi've ever heard yet.

St. Patrick! 'twas splendid: an' when it was ended,
The Chamber was scatthered wid rags and black oyes,
An' if they enjoyed it a quarther that Oi did,
Tis soon they'll be at it agin, the brave bohos.

That's what Oi calls a matin' an' proper debatin',
That's the Parliment we want to see once agin,
All boolin' an' bubblin' in beautiful Dublin,
So Home Rule for iver! Amin an' amin!

SONGS FOR THE NATION.

"Faire les lois d'une nation? Chansons que t'ut cela!"—*J'assuet-Poudin.*

The "incomprehensible" style of drawing-room ballad is, or ought to be, an important factor in our civilisation. It is a convenient vehicle for melody, and has the virtue of soothing the listener by a vague glow of impressiveness to which it is impossible to attach any meaning. Unfortunately, the effect is often marred by lapses into coherence, which raise an irritating desire to know "what it is all about," and then the soothing effect is lost. This is a mistake, and I have done my utmost to write a song which shall be strictly incom-

BOADICEA.

Oh, great British Matron, the first and the best,
We Britons may call you the one semi-dea
This land has produced, to encourage the rest,
BOADICEA!

But not cast in plaster, and stood on a spot
So very important; we have an idea
That melodramatic is what you were not,
BOADICEA.

You're far less impressive than ladies we've seen,
For instance, gigantic Miss May, christened LEAH,
That's plain; so are you, though you may not have been,
BOADICEA.

There is but one place you could fitly adorn,
Not Paris or Florence, not Rome or Pavia;
In Brighton no statue is treated with scorn,
BOADICEA.

In Brighton the knowledge of art is but small,
We've only one feah, you mayn't disappear,
Oh, deah, pray cleah out, speah and all
BOADICEA!

LES CHEFS-D'ŒUVRE CHEZ LE CHEF.—This year the two French Salons will together occupy the Galerie des Machines. The riva representatives of the Fine Arts will be separated by a buffet. At each side of it, they may envy the calmer life of the cook. Untroubled by controversy and dissensions, he pursues his art and no spiteful newspaper critics abuse the colouring of his gravy, or the modelling of his jellies. With a careful accuracy worthy of the Salon des Champs Elysées he prepares the flavouring of a soup; with a rapid touch more characteristic of the Salon du Champ de Mars he produces an omelette. And when he dies he may leave behind him not a picture or two hidden in the Luxembourg but a sauce known from San Francisco to Bombay.

GERMAN HUMOUR.—How to make the average Prussian less witty even than he is now. Give any one who makes a joke in that stolid country two months' imprisonment in a fortress.

prehensible, and therefore of superlative value to the nation at large.

IF ONLY!

If only to-day were to-morrow,
And yesterday followed to-day,
My sadness would sink into sorrow,
My vanity vanish away;
My spirit would cease from its roaming,
Nor flutter away like a bird
In the shadowy shade of the gloaming,
The magical moan of a word.

Alas! with the light of the morning
To-morrow has flown to its rest,
With feverish petulance scorning
The hallowed delights of the blest.
I yearn, with a cynical mocking,
To grapple with infinite calm,
Mid seas of silence unlocking
The tones of a jubilant psalm.

If only the world were a vision,
If only the moon were a myth,
If only the star of derision
Would turn from its kin to its kith;
If only to-day were to-morrow,
And yesterday followed to-day,
My soul would eternally borrow,
And solemnly vanish away!

SHAKESPEARE IN WEST AFRICA.—With France and Great Britain in Nigeria, the question put by the Royal Niger Company to the native rulers has been, "Under which King, Bezonian? Speak or die!" And the answer, recently given by the Sultan of Sokoto, is eminently satisfactory —to JOHN BULL.

'THE STOMACH GOVERNS THE WORLD.'

—GENERAL GLODOR.

DEPARTED ERRORS—'Our past becomes the mightiest Teacher to our FUTURE; looking back over the tombs of **DEPARTED ERRORS**, we behold by the side of each the face of a **WARNING ANGEL**.
—LEONETTE.

'THOU COMEST IN SUCH A QUESTIONABLE SHAPE.'



SUNRISE OFT PROCLAIMS ITS VERDICT AND ITS WOE.

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it, you have been imposed on by a WORTHLESS imitation.

Prepared only by J. O. ENO, Ltd., 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, S.E., by J. G. ENO'S PATENT.

Martell's
"Three Star"
Brandy.

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FRÈRES'
FIRST QUALITY
CHAMPAGNE.
FIRST QUALITY ROPER FRÈRES

HEERINC'S GOLD MEDAL
COPENHAGEN
CHERRY BRANDY.
The Best Liqueur.

FEED YOUR CHILDREN
ON
DR. RIDGE'S
PATENT COOKED FOOD

RICHMOND GEM



CIGARETTES,
UNEQUALLED
FOR DELICACY AND FLAVOR.

'Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl chain of all virtues.'

—BISHOP HALL.

DRAWING AN OVERDRAFT ON THE BANK OF LIFE.—Late hours, fagged, unnatural excitement, changes of the weather, sleeplessness, feverish cold, with high temperature and quick pulse, breathing impure air, too rich food, alcoholic drink, gouty, rheumatic, and other blood poisons, biliousness, sick headache, skin eruptions, pimples on the face, want of appetite, sourness of the stomach, &c. Use ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' It is everything you could WISH as a SIMPLE, SOOTHING, NATURAL, and HEALTH-GIVING agent. You CANNOT OVERSTATE its GREAT VALUE in keeping the BLOOD PURE and FREE from DISEASE.

HEADACHE AND DISORDERED STOMACH.—"After suffering for nearly two and a half years from SEVERE HEADACHE and DISORDERED STOMACH, and after trying almost everything, and spending much money, without finding any benefit, I was recommended by a friend to try ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' and before I had finished one bottle I found it doing me a GREAT DEAL of GOOD, and now I am restored to my usual health; and others I know that have tried it have NOT ENJOYED such GOOD HEALTH for years. Yours most truly—TRUTH."

The effect of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' on any DISORDERED and FEVERISH Condition is SIMPLY MARVELLOUS. It is, in fact, NATURE'S OWN REMEDY, and an UNSURPASSED ONE.

"From the South-American mountain of
Scotia I come."

DEWAR'S Choice Old WHISKY.

"SCOTSMAN BLEND."

A combination of the
finest Blended malts in
the Islands of Scotland,
Irish, Imported and
matured in wood after
Sherry, for family use.
Yours truly, P. DEWAR.



Goddard's Plate Powder

MONUMENTAL PLATE, PRECIOUSLY MINTED, TO BE
FOR THE USE OF THE ARMY AND CHAMBER, SILVER,
ENAMEL-PLATE, &c. SIX GOLD MEDALS,
SOLD EVERYWHERE, IN BOXES, 12, 24, 48, AND 96 OZ.



The London Medical Record says:
"Retained when all other Foods are rejected. It is invaluable."

FOOD FOR INFANTS



The British Medical Journal says:
"Bengier's Food has by its excellence established a reputation of its own."

INVALIDS AND THE AGED

C. Brandauer & Co's Circular-Pointed Pens.

SEVEN PRIZE MEDALS.



These Series of Pens Write as Smoothly as a Lead Pencil. Neither Scratch nor Spurt, the points being rounded by a special process. Assorted Sample Box for 7 stamps from the Works, BIRMINGHAM.

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The most reliable preparation for cleaning and brilliantly polishing Brass, Copper, Tin, Britannia Metal, Platinoid, &c. Held every where.

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Provides not only delicious Custard, but an endless variety of delightful, dainty dishes.

NO EGGS! NO TROUBLE! NO RISK!



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"For nourishment there is nothing superior to be found."

Medical Magazine.

BENGIER'S Food is sold by Chemists, &c., everywhere.

PEARS' SOAP,
AS RECOMMENDED BY
SIR ERASMUS WILSON.
I have found matches for the
Hands and Complexion.
hispania Patisse.



"Cleanliness is next to Godliness."

Specially drawn for the Proprietors of PEARS' Soap

BY

The late H. STACY MARKS, R.A.

Cadbury's cocoa

"The Standard of Highest Purity."

The Lancet.